
ON THE
Universally Lamented
DEATH

Of the Incomparable
DR. SHORT.
23. Oct. 1685.

A Pindarick Elegy.

Stanza I.

AH! What avails it to be *Wise* and *Good*!
Great *Merit* with it's own *Weight* falls :
Soon as *Diffusive* grown, and *Understood*,
It straight from *Hell* pale *Envy* calls.
Envy, whose *squinting Eye*
Sees *Faults*, 'when only' it self does look awry.

Yet it no *Mortal* was, nor could it be
Any on *Earth*, *Best* SHORT, could envy Thee.
Thou all th' *Attractives* hadst, which use t'affect
With dearest *Love*, and win profound *Respect* ;
And, *Friend* to All, no *Enemy* could't suspect.

A

'Twas

'Twas none but *Death*, and Mankind's Foe that envy'd Thee;
Death, from whose gaping Jaws thou hadst redeem'd
 Such Multitudes, that Thin his Empire seem'd.
 Enrag'd at this, the Lean-chapt Monster bent
 His Course to *Hell*, whose gloomy Vales descent
 Borders upon his Realm, the *Grave*;
 Of the Black Tyrant Audience to crave.
 Upon his Hairless Scalp a Wigg he wore
 Of Worms, that gap't dead Bodies to devour.
 A plaguy Vapour, grateful to the *Stygian King*,
 (For Holy-day suit) about his Bones did cling;
 And in his Hand a chosen Dart, as sharp as *Adders* Sting.
 Arriv'd; his rattling Grinders silence broke,
 And, from his grinning Mouth, thus chattering spoke:

I I.

'Twas half in vain your witty Art did cheat
Adam, the Death-deriving Fruit to Eat;
 Unless your Victory you maintain,
 Sly Mankind will at length his points regain.
 Neer *Thamesis*'s rich Banks are pack't * a Crew,
 Who strive your noble Spite with *Art* t'out-do.
 Our common Grievance, *Health*, they, at command,
 Preserve, restore, with seldom-missing Hand.
Diseases, our best Servants, which we send
 To bring curst Mankind to his End,
 They at their Pleasure, as their Game, do kill;
 And Torture them with Hell-affronting Skill.
 Among the rest, there's one; who, not content
 With old Arts, strange new Methods does invent
 To Save the dwindling Slaves: Oft my wide Jaw
 Has he left Tantaliz'd, Hungry my yearning Maw.
 By such large Steps his *Art* does climb,
 And mingles *Natural Causes* so,
 That in short time

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 Physicians]

His *Skill* to *Miracle* may grow.
 E're long Hee'll cancel, at this rate,
 The *Adamantine* Book of *Fate*.
 The very *Sound* of *SHORT* to Us
 Is ominous.

So many of that *Name*,
 By crossing Us, have won great *Fame*,
 The *Ayr* that Ecchoes Him's Infectious.
 Who knows but his contriving *Mind*,
 Some *Proxy* to the *Tree of Life* may find?
 Then *Woe* to *Death*, and *Woe* to *Hell*;
 'Twere better *Man* had never fell.
 Alone I dare not him *attaque*,
 Unless Your self my oft-foil'd *Courage* back.
 Then speak, Great *Pluto*, and your *Counsel* lend,
 To bring our *Master-Foe* t'a sudden *End*.

III.

Highly concern'd at this complaining *Speech*
 Of *Death*, his eldest *Son*;
 Whom, in *Time's* Non-age, he begot
 Upon the first damn'd *hellish-Plot*;
 Th'Infernal *Tyrant* did his Phang out-reach,
 To shake him by his *Hand of Bone*;
 And thus, in *Breath of Brimstone-Flame*, begun:
It must, it must be done.
 Dip thy keen *Arrow* in *Cocytus* Flood;
 Dip't deep, and from the bottom stirr th' envenom'd *Mudd*;
 Then (see thou mis not) shoot just at his *Heart*
 The trebly-poison'd *Dart*:
 This will elude all *Help of Art*.
 He dipt it, and the *Iro'n* straight *Rusty* grew;
 Yet burnt with *Fire* that's *Blew*.
 Then, from his *Augur-holes*, *Death* took unerring *aym*,
 And struck his *Heart* with the *Malignant Flame*.

SHORT felt the Stroke; and straight fore-told his Friend;
 The Wound was Mortal, and would cause his End.
 Ah! too-true Prophet! Thy Prognostick Skill
 That seldome fail'd, in thy own Death was Undeceived still.

IV.

When of his dangerous Sicknefs the News spread,
 Each Hearer lookt like one half-Dead.
 As, when a *General's* Mortal wound is told,
 The Courage of the *Army* straight grows cold;
 So the damp't Hearts of all his *Patients* fell:
 (And who was not, or would not be
 Related to his still-successful Skill?)
 And thought themselves in Danger well as He.
 Each one did know
 How much to Him their Health and Life they owe,
 His Brother-Sons-of-Art
 In his Recovery strove to have some part.
 Above the rest, Great BROWN (the double Heir
 Of *Norwich-Oracle*; and Learned TERN)
 No Watching, no Sollicitude did spare,
 To do his Utmost in this dear Concern.
 Had Fate been willing too,
 His Skill things half-impossible could do.
 He could all Rubbs, but Destiny, controwl:
 No wonder; SHORT and He had but one Soul.
 But Art, by *Friendship* heighten'd, was too weak
 Of Causes the Firm-linked Chain to break.
 The deeply-cought Malignant Ill
 From its close Ambush mockt all Skill.
 Valour it self did never know
 How to Subdue an unseen Foe.
 The venomous Taint soon Conquer'd every part;
 By seizing first the vigorous Nerves, and, next, Life's Seat, the
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V.

But Great-Soul'd. SHORT, while busy They
 Their Sublunary *Art* assay,
 A Wiser and a Nobler *Game* did play,
 Though losing Breath,
 To Conquer *Death*.

He knew the utmost of his Spite
 Could onely Useless make, or dis-unite,
 Those *Strings* which make the *Poppet-Body* move;
 Or marr the Chymistry of the *Blood*,
 Hind'ring its Purple Flood
 In winding Channels round about to rove:
 And free the *Wing'd* Inhabitant from its bony *Cage*,
 The *World-Coequal* Soul's strait *Hermitage*.

Whence, with a Mind
 To *Heaven's* dread Will resign'd,
 He fixt his Eagle-Eye
 On Joyes Serene of Blest *Eternity*.
 As one who Soars on high
 Sees the *Earth* lessen, and more large the *Sky*;
 His *Love-exalted* Mind did deem
 All that's found here,
 In this dull *Sub-Cælestial* Sphere,
 A worthless *Point*, while *Heaven* still a *Vaster* Good did seem.
 No *Dread* his well-assured Soul could shake:
 Nor *Death*, weak *Fears* awake.
 He ever meant too-well
 To Tremble at the thought of *Hell*,
 Where nought but Ill *Intentions* dwell.
 Thus He his *Art's* false Scandal did efface,
 Pretending *Nature's* Study stifles *Grace*.

VI.

Soon as the precious Compound was dissolv'd;
 And never-more-unwilling *Fame*,
 In Accents sad, broken with Sighs and Tears,
 (Shewing *Despair* had swallow'd our late *Fears*)
 Had told the same;
 Each pensive Breast revolv'd,
 How dear his *Death* would cost
 Its private self, how much the Publick lost.
 Our Chief *Nobility*, whom Experience did assure
 Their *Health* was Safe under His skillful *Cure*,
 At their Irreparable Damage griev'd,
 Never to be retriev'd.
 Our choicest *Witts* with Sadness *Dull* were grown,
 Robb'd of his *Sweet-quick* Conversation.
 All that e're in their Breasts the Noble Flame
 of *Virtuous Friendship* cherish'd, felt the same.
 All States and Sorts in his *Death* bore a part;
 The *Colledge* lost its *Eye*, the Rest lost half their *Heart*.
 But no one felt so much as he,
 Who, *Sick* in Head and Mind, scribbles this Elegy.
 Pardon, His dearest Confort: None can count
 How much thy *Grief* did all the rest surmount.
 Conjugal LOVE, endear'd by long Converse,
 Did all his Charms impress
 With such a force and frequency,
 That none could Love, nor any Grieve like Thee.
 Onely well-grounded HOPE of His *Blest* State
 Could thy Sad *Agonies* abate.
 Thy *Breath* had sure expired with His *Life*,
 Had not the *Christian* overcome the *Wife*.

VII. Nor

VII.

Nor was't a wonder He
 Was thus Lamented *Universally* ;
 Himself all *Wonder* was : His Soul did teem
 With all those Excellencies that breed a vast Esteem.
Intentions, so sincerely-*True*,
 Crafty *Design* He ne're so much as *knew*.
 So free from all *Simister* Ends,
 He oft o're-spent Himself to serve *unspeaking* Friends.
 His Reason no blind *Prejudice* could sway ;
 No *Interest* bribe, no *Vanity* lead astray.
 A *Wit* so quick, that all He said
 Seem'd not *Invented*, but *Fore-laid*.
 When *Greece* at wisest was, had He liv'd then,
 His Speeches all choice *Apophthegms* had been.
 His *Thoughts* flew *Swift* as *Light'ning* ; and as *Clear*
 His Native *Elegancies* were ;
 No *Art* with his *Ex-tempores* could compare.
 So *piercing*, they all Rubbs as easily could pass,
 As *Sun-Beams* glide through *Glass*.
 So *present*, at first Call they *Ready* were,
 Needing no *Plodding* Summons to *Appear*.
 They all kept watch and ward,
 And stood upon their guard,
 In Reason's posture *Rang'd* still and prepar'd.
 His *Steady* Judgment with *Quick* Wit miraculously was mixt ;
 His *Thoughts* at once were *Swiftly-moving*, and yet *Firmly fixt*.
 So truly-*Faithful* He, that his *Large* Heart
 Could afford thousand Friends a *Solid* part.
 And, as Philosophers say the Soul
 Is in each Member still *Intirely-whole* ;
 So He to every Friend did his *Whole* Soul divide ;
Intire to each, and yet not *Multiply'd*.

VIII.

Pure *Merit*, and not *Partial Praise*,
 Nor an odd hit of *Chance*,
 Did **SHORT** to this high Honour raise,
 Or His best-built *Esteem* advance.

His *Ayr* so *Modest* was, it *Praise* provok't ;
 All did *Allow* His *Worth*, and the best *Judgers Spoke't*.
Malice it self could never so *Ill-natur'd* be
 To pique at such *Fair Ingenuity*.
 Nor did's *Unboasted CHARITY* lagg behind ;
 His *Will* was full as *Large* to *do Good*, as to *know*, His *Mind*.
 To th' *Poor*, He *Gratis* all *Assistance* gave ;
 Money to *Feed*, as well as *Skill* to *Save*.

And when the Great **Sham-~~Dopish~~-Plot**
 Threw *Innocents* in *Jayl*, to *starve*, or *rot*,
 His *Profuse Charity* dealt, *unseen*, *larges* to *All* ;
 Each *Prison* was His *Hospital*.

Go, happy *Soul* ! Enjoy thy *Rich Reward* ;
 Tho' from *Impoverish't* Us *ill-spar'd*.
 From thy *Empyrean Truth-enlighten'd Sphere*
Influence our *Imitation* here.
 And, while *Essential Being* it's full *Beams* displays,
 And *guilds* thee with it's *Glorious Rayes*,
 Wee'll preserve *Dear th' Idea* Thou hast left behind,
 The *Relique* of thy *Best-accomplish't Mind*,
 Where *Solid WIT*, and *Knowing VIRTUE* liv'd enshrin'd.

Flevit

Licensed, Octob. 6th. 1685.
 Ro. L'Estrange.

Philophilus.

